furniture, and the Palais de PEgalite is full of auctions every night, where things sell very low.

December iqth, 1796.

I am in a new lodging in the Rue Honore,[1] opposite *I'Assomption.* There is nothing between me and the garden of the Tuileries but a wall, so that I have the sun on my windows from the time of its rising at this season of the year, and am very comfortable; but the frost is intense.

I have had the first conference, and dined to-day with Cottrau, the *chef de bureau,* and his wife, a very pretty woman, at Sir George Chad's, a Norfolk man, lately dubbed. He came strongly recommended to Cottrau, who has got him pass-ports to go through France and Italy to the baths of Pisa. He seems a good sort of man and invited me to a sumptuous *vepas,* having met me at the Bureau.

December x6th, 1796.

I am frozen by the fireside. Poor

Major Gall
has been pursued by misfortunes; for
no sooner

i The word Saint was abolished.